

To go with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church:

Or I will drag thee on a Hurdle thither.  
Out you greene sicknesse carrion, out you baggage,  
You tallow face.

*Lady.* Fie, fie, what are you mad?

*Jul.* Good Father, I beseech you on my knees  
Heare me with patience, but to speake a word.

*Fa.* Hang thee young baggage, disobedient wretch,  
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thursday,  
Or neuer after looke me in the face.

Speake not, reply not, do not answere me.  
My fingers itch, wife: we scarce thought vs blest,  
That God had lent vs but this onely Child,  
But now I see this one is one too much,  
And that we haue a curse in hauing her:  
Out on her Hilding.

*Nur.* God in heauen blesse her,

You are too blame my Lord to reache her so.

*Fa.* And why my Lady wisdom hold your tongue,  
Good Prudence, smatter with your gossip, go.

*Nur.* I speake no treason,

Father, O Godigoden,

May not one speake?

*Fa.* Peace you mumbling foole,

Vtter your grauitie ore a Gossips bowles  
For here we need it not.

*La.* You are too hot.

*Fa.* Gods bread, it makes me mad:

Day, night, houre, ride, time, worke, play,

Alone in companie, still my care hath bin

To haue her matcht, and hauing now prouided

A Gentleman of Noble Parentage,

Offaire Demeanes, Youthfull, and Nobly Allied,

Stuft as they say with Honourable parts,

Proportion'd as ones thought would with a man,

And then to haue a wretched puling foole,

A whining mammet, in her Forunes tender,

To answer, Ile not wed, I cannot Love:

I am too young, I pray you pardon me,

But, and you will not wed, Ile pardon you:

Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:

Looke too't, thinke on't, I do not vnto iest,

Thursday is neere, lay hand on heart, aduise,

And you be mine, Ile giue you to my Friend:

And you be not, hang, beg, traue, die in the streets,

For by my soule, Ile nere acknowledge thee,

Nor what is mine shall neuer do thee good:

Trust too't, bebinke you, Ile not be forsworne.

*Jul.* Is there no pittie sitting in the Cloudes,

That sees into the bottome of my griefe?

O sweet my Mother, least me not away,

Delay this marriage, for a month, a week,

Or if you do not, make the Bridall bed

In that dim Monument where Tybalt lies.

*Mo.* Talk not of me, for Ile not speake a word,

Do as thou wilt, for I haue done with thee.

*Jul.* O God, I haue found my Father's curse,

O Nurse, how shall this be prevented?

My Husband is on earth, my faith in heauen,

How shall that faith returne againe to earth,

Vntill that Husband send it from heauen?

By leaving earth? Comfort me, counsaile me,

Hacke, alacke, that heauen should practise stratagems,

Vpon so soft a subject as my selfe.

What sayst thou? hast thou not a word of ioy?

Some comfort, Nurse.

*Jul.* I haue none.

*Nur.* I haue none.

*Jul.* I haue none.

*Nur.* I haue none.

*Jul.* I haue none.

*Nur.* I haue none.

*Jul.* I haue none.

*Nur.* I haue none.

*Jul.* I haue none.

*Nur.* I haue none.

*Jul.* I haue none.

*Nur.* I haue none.

*Jul.* I haue none.

*Nur.* I haue none.

*Nur.* Faith here it is,

Romeo is banished, and all the world to nothing,  
That he dares nere come backe to challenge you:

Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.

Then since the case so stands as now it doth,

I thinke it best you married with the Countie,

O he's a Louely Gentleman:

Romeo's a dish-clout to him: an Eagle Madam

Hath not forgonee, so quicke, so faire an eye

As *Paris* hath, beshrow my very heart,

I thinke you are happy in this second match,

For it excels your first: or if it did not,

Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were,

As liuing here and you no vse of him.

*Jul.* Speakest thou from thy heart?

*Nur.* And from my soule too,

Or else beshrow them both.

*Jul.* Amen.

*Nur.* What?

*Jul.* Well, thou hast comforted me maruelous much,

Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone,

Hauing displeas'd my Father, to *Lawrence* Cell,

To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

*Nur.* Marrie I will, and this is wisely done.

*Jul.* Auncient damnation, O most wicked fiend!

It is more sin to wish me thus forsworne,

Or to dispraise my Lord with that same tongue

Which she hath prais'd him with about compare,

So many thousand times? Go Countellor,

Thou and my bosom chenchforth shall be twaine;

Ile to the Friar to know his remedie,

If all else faile, my selfe haue power to die.

Enter Friar and Countie Paris.

*Fri.* On Thursday first the time is very short.

*Par.* My Father *Capulet* will haue it so,

And I am nothing slow to slack his haile.

*Fri.* You say you do not know the Ladies mind?

*Par.* Immoderately she weepes for *Tybalts* death,

And therefore haue I little talke of Love,

For *Venus* smiles not in a house of teares.

Now sir, her Father counsils it dangerous

That she doth giue her sorrow so much sway;

And in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,

To stop the inundation of her teares,

Which too much minded by her selfe alone,

May be put from her by societie.

Now doe you know the reason of this haile?

*Fri.* I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.

Looke sir, here comes the Lady towards my Cell.

Enter Juliet.

*Par.* Happily met, my Lady and my wife.

*Jul.* That may be sir, when I may be a wife.

*Par.* That may be, must be Love, on Thursday next.

*Jul.* What must be shall be.

*Par.* That's a certaine text.

*Jul.* Come you to make confession to this Father?

*Par.* To answer that, I should confesse to you.

*Jul.* Do not denie to him, that you Loue me.

*Par.* I will confesse to you that I Loue him.

*Jul.* So will ye, I am sure that you Loue me.

*Par.* If I do so, it will be of more price,

Benig spoke behind your backe, then to your face.

*Jul.* Poore soule, thy face is much abus'd with teares.

*Jul.* The

*Jul.* The teares haue got small victorie by that:  
For it was bad enough before their spight.

*Par.* Thou wrong'st it more then teares with that report.

*Jul.* That is no flander sir, which is a truth,

And what I spake, I spake it to thy face.

*Par.* Thy face is mine, and thou hast flandered it.

*Jul.* It may be so, for it is not mine owne.

Are you at leisure, Holy Father now,

Or shall I come to you at euening Masse?

*Fri.* My leisure serues me penfull daughter now.

My Lord you must intreat the time alone.

*Par.* Godsheild: I should disturbe Deuotion,

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rowle yee,

Till then adue, and keepe this holy kisse. Exit *Paris*.

*Jul.* O shut the doore, and when thou hast done so,

Come weepe with me, past hope, past care, past helpe.

*Fri.* O Juliet, I already know thy griefe,

It steames me past the compasse of my wits:

I heare thou must and nothing may prorogue it,

On Thursday next be married to this Countie.

*Jul.* Tell me not Friar that thou hearest of this,

Vntill thou tell me how I may prevent it:

In thy wisdom, thou canst giue no helpe,

Do thou but call my resolution wise,

And with his knife, Ile helpe it presently.

God ioynd my heart, and *Romeo*, thou our hands,

And ere this hand by thee to *Romeo* seal'd:

Shall be the Labell to another Deede,

Or my true heart with trecherous reuolt,

Turne to another, this shall slay them both:

Therefore out of thy long experient time,

Giue me some present counsell, or behold

Twixt my extremes and me, this bloody knife

Shall play the vmpere, arbitrating that,

Which the commission of thy yeares and art,

Could to no issue of true honour bring:

Be not so long to speake, I long to die,

If what thou speak'st, speake not of remedie.

*Fri.* Hold Daughter, I doe spee a kind of hope,

Which craues as desperate an execution,

As that is desperate which we would prevent.

Whether then to marrie Countie *Paris*

Thou hast the strength of will to stay thy selfe,

Then is it likely thou wilt undertake

A thinglike death to chide away this shame,

That coap't with death himselfe, to scape fro it:

And if thou dar'st, Ile giue thee remedie.

*Jul.* Oh bid me leape, rather then marrie *Paris*,

From of the Battlements of any Tower,

Or walke in the eunish waies, or bid me lurke

Where Serpents are: chaine me with roaring Beares

Or hide me nightly in a Charnell house,

Orecovered quite with dead mens ratling bones,

With reekie shankes and yellow chappells skulls:

Or bid me go into a new made graue,

And hide me with a dead man in his graue;

Things that to heare thee told, haue made me tremble,

And I will doe it without feare or doubt,

To line an vnstained wife to my sweete Loue.

*Fri.* Hold then: goe home, be merrie, giue consent,

To marrie *Paris*: wednesday is to morrow,

To morrow night looke that thou lie alone,

Let not thy Nurse lie with thee in thy Chamber:

Take thou this Violl being then in bed,

And this distilling liquor drinke thou off,

When presently through all thy veines shall run,

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